

This series of historical "reminiscenses" about some of the early pioneer-settlers of the village of Amherst, was published in the 1893 'Amherst Argus', (May-Sept.) Its author only identified himself as "Uncle". (Much later, its author was erroneously thought to be Wesley Perkins, the earliest-known historian of the Amherst area -- but Perkins had died a decade prior to this.)

[ 2018 note: the 1893 author seems to intersperse a few anecdotes (and other data) adapted from some earlier-published 'Histories' (and etc.), into his personal-experiences. His own eye-witness accounts seem to begin circa-1840 (and those portions would be more-reliable "primary-source documentation").]

[Some spelling and punctuation changes, (and very minor rewording), have been made here, for purposes of historical accuracy (and better modern comprehension).]

Also see the e-booklet: AMHERST, OHIO: ITS EARLY HISTORY: Truth and Myth. (2018; edited by T. Derby)]

{ series begins in the 'Amherst Argus', 4 May 1893 }  
REMINISCENCE -- of our village, its landmarks and people; incidents of the old hill and beautiful spring of crystal waters; its improvements at the present time [1893].

Work of improving the hill now, in 1893 ---

As we were [standing] down on the bank, looking at the [road-construction] work and the workmen, we thought how great an improvement it is going to make for those living on the west side -- and also for the "tin pail brigade", (because quite a large number of quarrymen live in town) who go and come [on this road, carrying their lunch in tin buckets].

The movement [of the roadway, here] will make a great change (and will literally remove the old landmarks), such as changing the old road bed, by throwing it farther north -- and also changing the looks of the place now owned by Mrs. Huefed so that very few would recognize it as the place of years gone by. If some of the men that were [previously] in the Patriotic War ( and who were

going to clean out some of Canada's Red Jackets), should come back to Amherst, they [ the local veterans-group] would fail to find their old stomping-ground -- the building they used as their old [Veterans] Lodge room. The [Heufed?] house has been built over, so that its old form and appearance are entirely obliterated. If the Lodge room could talk, it could tell of some very thrilling scenes [of those veterans' various military-battle stories].

The [roadway] improvement will leave -- in the shade -- the Old Spring, which so long has been the pride of the village, and where so many of our townspeople have quenched their thirst. It will be passed, unnoticed, by the passerby.

At one time the spring was fixed with a hydraulic pump, to send its cooling waters into our public square -- and was a beauty to our village.

( At the first Fouth of July that was celebrated in Amherst [Twp.], were the following persons - Josiah Harris, Ezekial Barnes and family, Roswell Crocker and family, the Elisha Fosters, the Shupes and others. The men helped one of the pioneers who was at work clearing a place for a log cabin. At noon, all gathered at the Old Spring. Dinner was eaten with relish -- and happy hearts and willing hands that did the work.

The orator of the day, the writer cannot tell.)

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I have come again, to see the improvements on the Village hill. I left you ( in my last visit) on the grounds of the Old Spring. Its force of life seems to be ebbing away, and the water does not seem to come with as much force as in the old days. There was a time when I have stood and looked, when its waters seemed to be in a hurry to get out into the sunlight and went dancing and bubbling down the hill inviting the weary passerby to come and drink and rest under the shade of its protector and guard -- the Old Birch Tree. It spread its branches over the spring, keeping the water pure and cold. The trunk of that tree lies on the bank of the spring. It will soon be said of our beautiful spring that its

usefulness is passing away, so will bid us farewell.

The next place that was an old landmark which so many memories cluster about, is the place owned by William Braun. His rebuilding last summer, and the changing of the street, has made it an entirely new and nice home.

The old building had at one time been used for a harness shop by R. Wolcott and James Hall. Then [later] by E. Wilson and Houghton, and John Hall as a store.

The [1850s] contractors for the grading of the railroad through Amherst [Twp.] were Jackson & Bannister, who commenced the work [in] Feb. 1852. They also used the Braun house [as their headquarters].

The upper floor was used as a Lodge room by "The Ark of Temperance", a secret society. At one time they had a membership of 200. The next thing of interest [which occurred] in the Lodge room was the society called "The Know Nothings," which was political in its character (and flourished a short time). The next thing of interest in this Lodge room was a long-and-heated discussion between a Democrat and a Whig --- the question under discussion was "Free Trade, and Tariff" --- the 'Democrat' who discussed this question 40 years ago [circa-1853] was Gersham Gillet[?Bassett?] --- the Whig was Old [Silas] Greenman.

This [same] place was ( at an early period in our history), used and occupied by our frame-schoolhouse. It was used for school purposes for some time, while it remained on the grounds, and also as a lecture hall. Two very important events transpired in this building. The first was the formation of a Temperance society [circa-1832]. The prime mover in this society was Stanton Sholes, (perhaps better-known as Captain Sholes). At this time, the Captain secured a man to lecture on the subject of Temperance. On reaching the school house, it was noticed that someone had been there and placed a bottle of booze on the mantel-piece. When Captain Sholes and the lecturer saw the bottle -- the captain was about to dispose of the bottle -- but the speaker said "Let it remain and I will use it as an object lesson in my lecture." He did, and with good effect. (So you see, we had good earnest

workers in the Temperance cause in the early days --- so may our citizens take up the Temperance trumpet and blow loud-and-clear.)

The other debate or incident of interest in the old schoolhouse was the debate on the subject "Resolved, that the Bible sustains and upholds slavery" -- Caleb Ormsby and Hiram Hubbard for the affirmative -- James Monroe of Oberlin, for the negative. It was an exciting debate. Mr. Monroe was a young man of 21 at the time. The debate lasted three evenings -- with Mr. Monroe and the negative, winning. Many[?\*] of our Amherst people were 'for' the institution of slavery. James Monroe is still living [1893] in Oberlin -- but Caleb Ormsby and Hiram Hubbard have long since passed away.

[2018 note: this same James Monroe of Oberlin, later became a very prominent politician. The "James Monroe House" is now an historical landmark, there. (\*- In that specific debate, Ormsby (et al.) may have merely pretended to take a "pro-slavery" position for-the-sake-of-debate purposes, only.) ]

The old school house ( of which I have been speaking) is now owned by Postmaster Horn -- remodeled and used as a Post Office.

On this [village] lot was [also] built a shop for John Nelson and T. Radcliff, our village blacksmiths. [And] also a shoe shop [circa-1840] where Thomas Quirk and Mr. [John] Wilford worked. Both were born in England -- and knew how to use the letter "H" in talking [?, in regard to distinctly British pronounciations of words beginning with 'H'?].

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Maybe I have stayed too long on the old school-ground --- and I could have mentioned more interesting incidents. There is so much of interest in our school days that we often like to stay a long time with the memories of days gone by. We being young and free from the many battles of life, our hearts leap out into the world and are happy.

I stayed a long time on our grand Old Spring --- but now we must leave it for the present, for the readers to gather many interesting things and live them over again.

The next landmark is the brewery building. This building has been built in the later years. The stone part was constructed for a grist mill by Mr. Einig. The wooden part was built by Braun and Hirsching.

The grounds at a very early day had a frame building used for tanning leather by "Uncle" John Steele, one of our early settlers. Mr. Steele soon gave up the tannery -- and the building was then used as a shoe shop by Mr. [David] Whitcomb, also a wagon shop - he being a genius could turn his hand at anything. After a few years he [Whitcomb] gave up the place [circa-1840] to Hildebrandt [and Schneider] who converted it into a distillery. After two or three years Hildebrandt gave up distilling whiskey and commenced manufacturing furniture, chairs, bedsteads and cabinets. [And] They made clothespins -- and also built a large turning lathe which was run by water power.

These parties built a dam across Beaver Creek (near the south side of the [present-day] railroad embankment, and the water was taken from the dam to the mill, by a race [alongside] the Creek. This was useful for a number of years.

Now [1893] I stand on the new roadway and look down [toward] the place I am talking about -- and I see nothing of the looks of the early days (circa-1840). In my mind I can see "Uncle" John Steele riding down the hill on his white faced horse and we used to say "There comes Old Bailey." Mr. Steele lived and died on the ridge where Mr. Hamer Steele now lives [1893].

The [family of] Hildebrandts were two brothers, and their father. The two brothers [both named 'John'] were Old John and Young John. These gentlemen were beautiful musicians -- playing the violin in the best of style. The father died long years ago in Amherst -- and the two brothers moved to North Carolina where they died.

Another thing closely connected to the industries at the foot of the hill was a building built by Mr. [John] Campbell. Mr. Campbell married the oldest daughter of Fred Onstine. There were two boys born - Fred and "Manny"[Emanuel]. The father and mother and

one son died many years ago. There is another building connected with the brewery ground. It was built by John Chapin, across the creek for the purpose of grinding oak bark for tanner purposes. It was [also] run by water.

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Here again this roadbed covers up another landmark. It was a building used for distilling and making whiskey. The proprietor's name was Mr. Tillotson.

He, not being an expert in the manufacturing of [such] "high wines", had to call in his aide, Roswell Crocker, who soon taught him how to make the "fire water". But the business of making "fire water" was soon given up --- and the log building was used for an ashery, ( where they made potash).

Now all this has passed out of sight years ago -- and many things out of mind.

The old wooden bridge which the pioneer "fathers" [first] built over Beaver Creek, gave place to a better structure. We now [1893] have a good stone arch.

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I am glad you have so patiently gone with me on the hill. We will now cross the stone bridge.

The next place of interest that comes in the line of improvements is the place [now] owned by Mr. Aldrich. Here changes have been going on for many years -- and now the improving of the street will make more of a change.

Mr. Aldrich is a gardener. In former years this place was used as a tannery, owned by Elijah Wilson, then [later] Mr. Long, then by Robert Potter, then [finally] by John Chapin. Here John Chapin worked for many years. He died in 1852 when 48 years old, of typhoid fever.

I have told you of the different men in the business of tanning leather in our village. The man who did the first tanning of leather

in our town was "Uncle" John Onstein -- living, then, a mile and a half from our village. This [present] home-site of Mr. Aldrich was owned at an early day by Onstein, who built a mill on it to cut wood for the settlers of our section. The machinery was run by water power -- the water being brought across the road from another spring near the brick house there -- and the water falling on an overshot wheel. The spring that supplied the water is now covered up by the railroad-bed -- thus obliterating a most valuable landmark. The spring was on the farm of Henry Onstein. His home was the first brick building, [ built circa-1837], in our village. It has undergone so many repairs, that little of the original building remains. The property is now [1893] owned by Lake Shore Railroad Co.

We will now cross [Beaver Creek] back to the north side of Milan Avenue and speak of another landmark that is blotted out entirely[?]. That is the house owned by Mr. Lynch. The house was built 60 years ago by Ebenezer Swartwood who lived in it, and died Feb. 4, 1852. The place is still occupied by his grandchildren. The place shows its age, it never having been rebuilt.

The steady march of time (and the improvements that come with it) wipe out our father's work, and are lost sight of.

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I will now mention a few of our earliest pioneer "fathers" who came here. One of which, was Henry Onstine who lived in the brick house for a number of years. He finally sold his home and moved to Minnesota where he lived until his death. He was a kind, obliging man.

The next was George Onstine living a little farther to the west, on the north side of Milan Street. He built the house now [1893] owned by Mr. [Adam] Baumhardt.

When Onstine began building his home, he secured the services of Alexander Porter to hew the timber, while Onstine did the scoring. One day while both were busy at work, Onstine failed to notice that he was near Porter -- and let his axe swing down

through Porter's hip, cutting through the flesh, and making a ghastly wound. It was with great difficulty he was kept from bleeding to death. As Mr. Onstein and family were so frightened, Mr. Porter told them what to do until they could send for Dr. Cook at South Amherst. Porter was faint from loss of blood when Dr. Cook arrived. Geo. Onstine was very sensitive about it, saying, "I have killed Porter. I have killed Porter."

Geo. Onstine's family consisted of seven daughters and one son — all living in 1893 but two. [2018 note: Geo.'s ch. were: John B. Onstine, Betsy Moore, Mary Ann Cornwell, Sophia E. Seeley, Fanny Onstine, Rosana Onstine, Barbara Bradley, Lucy A. Onstine.]

The next one [ residing along this road] was Joseph Quigley, who came to Amherst in 1820 or 1822, locating where his youngest son now lives. Mr. Quigley's family contained nine[?] children -- of which only two are living [1893]. Mr. Quigley was a warm friend of the Union in time of the Civil War. He said to the writer, that he wanted to live long enough to see the Union preserved and maintained. He built for himself a stone house in which his youngest son now lives.

Henry Walker was the next of our early fathers, coming later. He was a sturdy farmer always working with a will -- and was a man who did not like to take a backtrack on work. Always upon entering the field, he would throw off his hat and coat -- and "go in for business". [ For example:] Wishing some help in haying, he hired Martin Belden. Both went to the field according to the agreement. Walker as usual removed his hat and coat, hung them on the bars -- and both men sharpened their scythes. Mr. Walker would take the lead -- and coming to the end, would sharpen with his scythe stone, and give the signal to Belden to come on. Mr. Belden (not desiring to be beaten and bested), pitched in and kept up, stroke for stroke. About 11 o'clock Walker said, "Let's go for dinner. I'm played out. You are a good man." Belden was glad, as he was nearly whipped [exhausted], himself.

Mr. Walker built himself a stone house in which he lived until death. He had three sons and four daughters. This house is now [1893] owned by E.P. Streator.

The next [early resident] I shall speak of, is Fred Onstine, who located on the [present] farm of J.R. Miller. Fred had six boys and three girls.

[Fred's brother] Dan Onstine took up on the farm owned [1893] by Larry Griffin -- [Dan] owning at an early date, the South Quarry [site].

Of the [original] Onstine family who came to Amherst [Twp.], was old "Uncle" John Onstine — who had seven boys and two girls — the Onstines came to Amherst in 1817 or 1818. [2018 note: Onstine family-records say '1816']

One more [early pioneer], then I am done for this time. Aretus Gillmore came to Amherst [Twp.] and located a mile north of Joe Quigley. Gillmore and Ora Webb[\*] were the first couple married in Amherst [Twp.], (John S. Reid tied their knot). Aretus Gillmore died at the age of 60. His wife. Ora, lived to be a good old age of 83. [\*-2018 note: although Ora was a foster-child of the Webb family -- but her surname was 'Nichols' (until her marriage to Gillmore, in 1817) .]

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I have come back to the East side of the hill -- and taking a seat at West end of town hall -- I look down the hill and see [ in my memory] Caleb Ormsby (better-known as Deacon Ormsby) coming up the hill with his oxen team with a load of wood. On reaching the top, he stopped and unhitched his team, intending to leave the load there until morning, when he would move it to where he intended to unload. When he returned in the morning, the load of wood was gone. Some young men, thinking of having some sport ( and bother Mr. Ormsby), turned the sled around, and let it slide down the hill -- dumping the load of wood across the bridge. Not content with what they had already done, they took the sled and placed it over a tree-stump about 10 feet high. [ And even though] The joke was not a very pleasant one -- but Mr. Ormsby took it with as good grace as possible, and said nothing -- so the young men did not have the sport they expected.

Another incident connected with our village hill and Beaver

Creek: There was a young man by the name of Jack Richmond. Wishing to attend a New Year's Eve dance at the Village Hotel, (kept by Mr. Ringland), he arrived at the hotel at the proper time with his best girl. This was 53[?] years ago. During the evening it rained very hard. The young men were at their wits end about getting their girls home. [But] The heavy rain had caused a flood -- and Old Beaver Creek had overflowed its banks. It seemed impossible to ford the stream -- but Jack Richmond and his girl, Mary Gillmore, proceeded to ford the stream, while the crowd watched to see if they were successful. They were! Mary Gillmore became the wife of Jack (A.J.) Richmond. (They had one son Bird. Bird had one son, Frank.) A.J. Richmond and wife Mary Gillmore made their home on Middle Ridge.

Still another incident occurred [near] the Village Hall.

Milo Harris, (who is now 70 years old), when a young man, feeling very patriotic on a beautiful 4th of July morning, took the anvil out of the blacksmith shop and placing it on the hill (where Mr. Braun's house now stands) commenced to "load and fire" at intervals. At noon there was seen a company coming from the west part of town, headed by Mr. Graves, coming one-by-one. Harris kept firing his salute and hurrahing for freedom. But, Mr. Graves, taking exception, took the anvil and threw it down the hill near the Old Spring. By this time Milo Harris was quite mad -- and hot words were spoken. Graves retreated. Milo Harris had a friend in Smith Crandal who came to his aid. By this time others came for a picnic.

Notwithstanding Mr. Harris' age and poor health [1893], but if you speak of 4th-of-July and Freedom, and those happy days -- the fire will come back into his eyes, and he will say, "Let the old flag wave over the whole nation."

Another time -- 4th of July 1847[1848?] -- found the citizens of Amherst planning a picnic. Everyone was feeling joyous [as usual]. When it was time for the Oration, a company was formed to Fire a salute from a cannon that was brought from Elyria for the day.

The men selected to fire the cannon were Tom Radcliff, Smith Crandal and John Honsinger. But after firing a few discharges,

came the premature discharge --- and Tom Radcliff had his arm, the right one, torn into shreds near the shoulder. (Honsinger was almost blinded by power; Smith Crandal escaped injury.) Dr. Norton was called, and the arm was amputated.

The committee had secured H. K. Kendall of Elyria to be the speaker of the day. After the accident he spoke as best he could, but with effort.

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Tomas Radcliff was married to Elizabeth Garone. He came to Amherst in 1830[s] while still in his teens. He apprenticed to Robert Nelson, a blacksmith, to learn the trade. After his marriage, he had the misfortune of having his right arm blown off by a premature discharge of a cannon on July 4, 1848[7?]. This occurred on the public-square in Amherst. Thomas -- having a wife and children to look after -- had to make a living so he took up a peddler's pack and started out. He met with welcome everywhere. The housewife could pick out what she wanted in a leisurely way. Stores were few-and-far-between in those days --- so the peddler and his pack was a blessing.

One other 4th of July was far different -- for in this celebration, hundreds were gathered in from [all around] the Corners -- with baskets of good, food -- good things in great abundance -- setting the table in our Public Park (which would accommodate a couple-hundred people). The picnic-table was built in shape of an 'L'; and a nice shade made over it with boughs brought from the woods, and laid on a [temporary] frame-work made for the purpose.

( Our 4th-of-Julys seem to take on different forms as our county grows older --- and our ways of celebrating are different. Let us all say "Let the Old Liberty Bell, Ring".)

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I am looking now at the corner, which is now [1893] owned by Mr. Aschenbach and others. This place was at an early date owned by Capt. Sholes -- that grand man. He was a Christian man, a

temperance man, and a lover of his country. You could always find him on the right side of all questions. The first thing he did was to establish Christian worship [here]. The next was to establish a select- school [circa-1828] which was taught by his [foster-]daughter. Capt. Sholes [foster-] daughter married Mr. [Elnathan] Gavitt -- a Methodist minister who was sent here by that society. Gavitt was well-liked by those few people who had settled in the surrounding country.

[2018 note: Elnathan C. Gavitt later wrote a book, 'Crumbs from My Saddle Bag', which corroborates some of those facts. He married Sophia Halsey, an "orphan" younger sister of Mrs. Stanton Sholes. (Therefore, Stanton Sholes was Sophia's foster-father, and technically also her brother-in-law). ]

The improvements of our village have begun to show their Work on this corner.

Capt. Sholes had as nice a flower garden as anyone would care to see. In the garden was built a nice summer-house [gazebo] about 12 feet high - a comfortable place to rest in.

Capt. Sholes built the first Methodist church, ( the first church building in Amherst). [The anecdotal] Circumstances leading to it: the Capt. was breaking in a colt. And, having a saddle on the colt, while riding -- the animal started to run -- and threw Capt. Sholes to the ground -- with his feet caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged along the road. Mr. Sholes prayed the Lord to spare his life and release him from his perilous situation -- and [ in thanks] he would build the Lord a place of worship. The colt stopt -- and he was released. He considered this an answer to his prayer -- and immediately began getting timber together for the church.

Mr. Sholes located, raised, and finished the church [ in the 1820s?] on the corner where E. Smith's hardware store now stands [1893]. The church was built after the old style called a timber-frame. Mr. Sholes secured a nice number of trees from Geo. Hollstein[?\*] for the framework. [ \*-2018 note: this church was built more than a decade prior to the Hollstein family's circa-1848 arrival to Ohio.] This work did not falter nor was it delayed -- but pushed as fast as possible. When he had the frame ready to raise, he set about [the task of] inviting help to set up the frame. Men came from all directions --- but when they heard that whiskey would not be furnished for the raising, the men would not even raise a stick or lend-a-hand [ and they told him that he had to get

settlers from the surrounding townships, to raise the framework]. Finally he found men enough to raise the building -- and no whiskey furnished. The work was done by sober hands. Mr. Sholes had his wife prepare a nice dinner for the men -- and all sat down for a grand time.

Finally [circa-1834], Mr. Sholes sold his home here, and [eventually] moved to Columbus -- living there until his death. He lived to be 96 -- he growing more beautiful all through life as age reached him. It was said that he had a second head of hair. It was as white as snow and soft as silk -- and his mind clear to the end. [ 2018 note: (from the 'Cleveland Daily Leader', 11 May 1864): "An Ohio paper tells of one Captain Stanton Sholes, who has been bald fifty years, but who, at the age of ninety-two, after a severe headache, had a new crop of hair, of rapid growth, which is now thick, silken, white and long --- so long that it is combed back from the forehead, and tied with a ribbon at the neck."]

I want to mention another incident in connection to the raising of the church. The next morning after the church had been raised, Mr. Sholes looked up and saw that someone had been up, and had hung a jug of whiskey there. He threw a stone up and knocked it down.

I was acquainted with the two ladies who attended the select-school connected with Sholes' life. The first was Miss [Adeline] Webb who became the wife of George Bryant Sr. of South Amherst. The other girl, Mary Bacon, became the wife of Julius Perry -- all of these parties have since passed away. [ 2018 note: Adeline Webb Bryant was ostensibly named in honor of her sister, Adeline Webb, who had died about 6 months old, circa-1816.]

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The old [Methodist] church was later moved [circa-1835?] from its first foundation ["on the corner where E. Smith's hardware store now stands"], to the lot now [1893] occupied by the Methodist Church [vil. lot #63, per '1896' plat-map].

Years after, the church became old and needed much repair to make it convenient and modern in style. They thought it best to sell [the structure] and build a new church. So the old building was sold to the Lutheran society -- and they moved it over on the

lot now occupied by Lutherans at present [1893]. But the old church was destroyed by fire [ while the Lutherans were refurbishing it] about 15 years ago.

Not one of the founders of the Methodist Church is still living [1893] except Mrs. Walter Seeley.

The Methodist Church has had some of the grand old men and women within its walls to carry on any wrong that might come within its walls -- and one person was Ebenezer Swartwood.

The school directors asked if the church could be used to hold a school exhibit (because the school room was too small for their exhibit). But "Father" Swartwood, being one of the church directors, found that they were to have violin music and base violin, besides other instruments. Father Swartwood, not liking violin music in the church, would not give his consent for the church to be used for such purposes. ( He thought the violin was the cause of the wrongs of his life before becoming a Christian -- and therefore would avoid the very appearance of evil.)

There are many grand incidents in connection with this old church, but we must dismiss them. (Who can measure the good that has gone out of this house of worship? Passerbys -- step in and get your cup of blessing.)

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I shall now visit down Cleveland Street.

First a visit [in my memory] to Caleb Ormsbys, ( better-known as Deacon Ormsby). He came to Amherst in 1817-18, and built a log cabin near the Worthington House. It was a crude structure at first, but afterward chinked with chinking put in with mortar of clay. There were no windows at first, and the doors were made of hewn lumber or boards. (Where did they get the boards? They simply went out and felled a nice tree, cut it into right lengths and split them into boards as thin as they could -- and then with an axe and a plane, made them as thin as possible.) Wooden hinges were made to hang the door with -- and wooden latches to hang them by. Very crude structures. An open fireplace and chimney were made of clay, mortar and sticks (about 6 feet long and 3 or 4 feet wide). After a few days the fire would burn the clay hard.

They did very well for a place to cook -- but the mothers' faces had to be nearly fire proof. (How our mothers did their cooking in or by those fireplaces, is a wonder.) In a few years, the settlers made brick -- so better fireplaces were made.

It is said that Deacon Ormsby set out the first orchard. [But the claim actually] lays between Ormsby and Onstine as to who actually set out the first orchard in Amherst. But it was a great blessing when fruit was [finally] to be had -- for the people often suffered for want of nourishing food.

Mr. Ormsby was quite a farmer -- the old Yankee style. He would never cut his corn the way we do now days -- but would go through and 'top' it, and let the corn remain on the stalk to ripen and cure -- and when ready to gather, he could ride in with his ox cart.

I can see [ in my memory] the old log house standing beside the road -- a crude structure ( such as all log houses were), but how neat and clean our mothers used to keep them.

Deacon Ormsby planted some pear trees of excellent quality. How good they used to taste. After the orchard began to bear well, anyone wanting fruit could get a good supply.

Deacon Ormsby was a great help to people who came into the settlement later with scanty means. He would encourage them with words of praise. He was a great person to always have an ox team on hand. I have known him to have two or three ox teams on hand at one time. He was never particular if they were "matched teams" as long as they would work together and do the work. One incident of Ormsby helping a newcomer: it was a man by the name of Bemis who came here -- and after living here, his own team of oxen died. Hearing of this, Deacon Ormsby went to him and said, "Mr. Bemis, as you have lost your team, come to my house, and get a team to do your work". [But] Mr. Bemis said he had no money to pay for a team -- but Ormsby replied, "You can pay for it as you are able". And, Bemis did. Mr. Ormsby did not lose the value of the team -- and Mr. Bemis was greatly helped by the act.

Deacon Ormsby's family consisted of 2 boys and 2 girls -- only one survivor at this time: Lydia (wife of Smith Steele), well-known as "Aunt Lydia" Steele, who is always ready with a good sharp

joke, and a "How do you do?"; she is now nearly 70 years old.

The next place of interest was the old log house on the ground where Mr. M.W. Axtel's house now [1893] stands. The prior log house was occupied by Mr. Nicholas Stanton, a brother-in-law of Mr. Ormsby. Many a fine time we had in that old house. Mr. Stanton later moved from that house, into a house now owned by Otto Witte, and lived there quite a number years. All of his family have passed away. The last one to go was Mrs. Capt. Kline, who was brought back from Chicago and buried here in Amherst.

The next place of interest was the log [public] school house built on the place where Mr. Patterson lives [1893]. That was the first [public] school building in our village. The first teacher was Mr. Albert Harris, and the second was Wm. Root of Sheffield.

The first man to die in our village was buried near that school house.

Soon after it was built, a log house was raised on the site of Mrs. Patterson's house, by Dewey Ormsby (who lived there a number of years then moved to Michigan). He was the nephew of Caleb Ormsby -- also a preacher. Deacon Ormsby was licensed to preach by the Methodist society, and did it for a number of years in our village in our schoolhouse (and neighboring or surrounding country).

In the early days, a Mr. Ferris moved into the log house which was across the street from Frank Seeley's present home.

At quite an early day, the father of Frank Seeley -- David Seeley -- bought this [Ferris] place, and built part of the house now occupied by Clayton Seeley. Dave Seeley died nearly 50 years ago, leaving one son, 2 daughters and a wife who are yet living [1893].

The next place I will speak of is that of Mrs. Dellefield. On this corner was built a log house by Isaac Whetmore, who occupied it a number of years. He was a carpenter by trade, and finally sold and moved away.

On the corner where Mr. Bean lives, Mr. Elmer Fairchild came and

located in an early day. He built himself a nice home where he lived for some time. Mr. Fairchild was a practical carpenter, and did not let the grass grow under his feet. "Uncle" Fairchild and wife were laid to rest in South Amherst Cemetery.

Now we will return [in my memory] to Deacon Ormsby's home, as we come along Cleveland Street -- and I find the hand of improvement has blotted out the house of "Uncle" Ormsby. Not a trace of it is left. I look around for the old well where I used to get so many cool drinks. All gone. The grand pear trees - the apple orchard - the spring water, all gone. And the Milo Harris house occupies the place of the old mill. Phillip Sippel's home is where the old barn was. The hand of time has obliterated them all -- and hardly a single thing remains to remind us of our fathers and our fathers' beautiful village.

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In my last installment, I left you on Cleveland Street, and we were talking of "Father" Deacon Ormsby. As we are walking down the street as far as Mrs. Dellefield -- it will probably be best that we go a little farther on Cleveland Street. Also on to the Cross-Roads --- because our "fathers" and neighbors extended for a number of miles from the village park.

The first that we shall notice, is the home of Ed Lewis. How much this place has changed from my first recollection of it -- 50 or 54 years ago [1839-1843]. I worked on this place for Orlum Winton (who had the care of it and worked it at that time). Mr. Winton dealt in sheep and had Southdowns and Marinos, and was for many years a successful dealer and buyer of sheep and cattle. He also kept a store in our village in a very early day, and was by trade a book binder, and worked at it the last days of his life. He left a family of a wife and 4 boys and 5 girls. Mrs. Winton is still living [1893] and makes her home with a son-in-law (Edwin A. Bivans) and is now 80 years old. She has always been a woman of fine courage, battling with pioneer life and hardships.

I am standing by these corners of Mr. Bean -- Lewis -- and Mrs.

Dellefield -- and my attention has been attracted about 3/4 of a mile North. There I see a large frame house now owned by Wm. Lapp. His father, Henry Lapp, came and located on this same corner at an early day -- and at that time this was a dense forest, from Mr. Winton's on the Ridge, [all the way] to the Lake Shore. Mr. Lapp was German, coming directly from the "old country" to Ohio. He was a tailor by trade, and after coming here, went from house to house selling clothing. (We used to call that way of working "Whipping the Cat".)

Nat Bemis (and brother Roswell), Elisha Foster Sr., (and Junior Elisha Foster, and Leonard Foster), came and located on the North Ridge about the same time -- and some of them spending their last days there.

One more incident: We were just [ a couple of decades] out of the War-of -1812 -- and every country and town was expected to keep up the spirit.

In Amherst, there were certain days for [militia] training. So our young men organized their own [youth militia] company -- and after drilling in the village for awhile, and thinking to have some sport, started down Cleveland Street -- and did not stop until they came to Foster's tavern. Here in the Foster Tavern they had a big time -- and thinking to have more sport -- started down about 1/2 mile north of the tavern, deciding to call on old Mr. [Eleazer] Crawford and ask him to drill them in military tactics. So he donned his clothes -- because he had already gone to bed. He came out to take charge of the company of braves. After drilling for a time, they were drawn up in lines in front of the house, and Crawford wished to give them instruction on retreating from the enemy. Capt. Crawford commanded "Make a rush, boy -- the enemy's coming." He said this in a loud clear voice. The boys rushed by him, across the road, over the fence and into the Captain's garden -- and almost destroyed it before the Capt. yelled "Halt." The braves returned to the road, and the Captain finally commanded "Break ranks". The braves finished the evening back in Fosters Tavern -- keeping the landlord and lady up very late. I can recall only one out of that group, alive today [1893]. (Time has nearly obliterated this scene of life.)

[2018 note: Eleazer Crawford was a Revolutionary War soldier (who fought in several battles). He resided within Amherst Twp. circa-1820, for a few years before moving north of "Foster's Corners" and slightly into Black River Twp., (where the above incident occurred, perhaps circa-1840); he died in 1843, and is probably buried in Amherst's Cleveland Street Cem.]

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I have again returned to the village park, as I have been visiting on Cleveland Street. We will again call down that way to pass a word or two with our citizens.

It is a hard matter to restrain from frequenting the beautiful streets of our village. My eyes are attracted down this attractive thoroughfare and I see [in my memory] a man coming out of a small frame house [formerly] standing where Mr. Heusner's house now stands. The man who came out of the house was Wesley Perkins. He built a small building on the corner of Deacon Ormsby's land [circa-1835] -- using a part to live in, and part for a work shop. He was a wagon maker by trade. Mr. Perkins came to Amherst and lived on the farm now owned by Mrs. James Gawn (Louisa Barnes) in 1832: He lived there four or five years. After living as a neighbor to Deacon Ormsby for a few years, he moved to the lot now owned by A. Baker. On this place he lived many years.

Mr. Perkins was always alert to anything for the good of the village. Mr. Perkins might be called the pioneer dentist -- for he did most of the extracting for many years -- even after we had other doctors. Perkins was an expert in pulling teeth, doing it with very little pain and pulling teeth quickly and easily. His tools were very crude -- using the old turnkey and two sizes of forceps -- now they have sizes to fit all sizes. In those days if a molar became decayed or painful, it was pulled out. Mr. Perkins needed no license to practice those days. He was a helping-hand for anyone sick or in distress.

He related this story to me: A family living about 1 mile east of Elyria Street was in bad condition and Perkins left his shop and work to go to their home. He found a pitiful state of affairs. A mother and five children were sick and in want of food with

scarcely any clothing. The father in a drunken stupor, he having come home from Black River from work. Instead of bringing his wages home he would drink it up. (This time, he brought whiskey home in his boot, not having a jug.) Perkins notified the officers of the town, and took steps to have this righted, and the wife and children fed.

Mr. Perkins related another story which happened 56 or 58 years ago [circa-1836]. He came to the notice of 3 Germans -- 2 men and 1 woman -- who had come from the Lake Shore to find a place to bury a child -- the men carrying the "coffin" ( a box -- as it was nothing but boards nailed together). They were taken down to the Old cemetery (as it is called now), and the little body deposited in Mother Earth -- without gospel music or a pastor's prayer to comfort, no flowers to deck the little grave, nothing but the whistling of the wind thru the branches of the forest trees, ( as it was all a dense forest with only an acre here-or-there of cleared land for the sunshine to shine thru). After the child had been put into its resting place, Mr. Perkins comforted the father and mother as best he could, and they left the grave. Nobody knows of its resting place today.

As we are out on Elyria St. [ Park Ave.] we are near where Roswell Crocker first located when coming to Amherst in 1816 (along with Ezekiel Barnes). Mr. Crocker settled on 50 acres on the west side of [Little] Beaver Creek.

Old "Grandfather" Ezekiel Barnes located a half-mile farther south, on the bank of the Creek ( on land now owned by Robbins). Here Ezekiel Barnes Sr. stayed for a number of years -- then moved to the ridge ( where his grandson Sardus Barnes lives). Here they lived -- and here laid to rest in the Middle Ridge Cemetery.

"Grandmother" Barnes was often called to help the sick for she always had a good remedy, and knew how to apply it. Skilled doctors were not to be had in those early years. One account of Mrs. Barnes' helping-hand -- as related to me by Mr. Perkins -- was the dressing of one of his little children which was accidentally scalded. The accident happened about 1834 -- and the child was so badly scalded that the skin and finger nails came off with the

clothing. Mr. Perkins hurried after Grandmother Barnes and she came with haste. She first asked for some lime, but Mr. Perkins, not having any on hand, got some from Judge Whiton (who lived about 3/4 of a mile away). Grandmother Barnes took some lard and lime, and made a plaster which she applied to the burned limbs. This relieved the child.

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Now we return, or retrace our steps, down Elyria Street [Park Ave.] starting [in my memory] from Roswell Crocker's place on the bank of Little Beaver Creek -- and the first man we meet is Seth Smith, ( better-known as Capt. Smith), who lived on the bank of the creek. Here he worked at his trade. He was a cooper, blacksmith and gunsmith and was right ready to turn his hand to any of this kind of work. He was most successful as a cooper.

We called him Major Smith because he held that position in the militia -- and with this natural gift and a little of his "corn juice", he felt he could conquer the world.

The next place we visit [in my memory], is old Mrs. Jenne's family -- and they lived for a while in the log house just across from Mr. Smith. It was here I first formed their acquaintance, and I learned to love them and listen to their good cheer.

The family consisted of three boys and two girls. Two sons, Ansel and John, live in Amherst -- and one daughter, Mrs. Griffin, lives in Elyria or near there. "Grandfather and grandmother" Jenne have long since gone to their home beyond.

The land on this street was all woods -- except here-and-there a cleared spot and a log house. The wood was mostly chestnut variety -- and a very fine growth such is seldom seen now. Wild grapes also grew in abundance on this land.

We stop at the top of the hill -- and here we find [in my memory] a small clearing, and a small log house -- and in it, we find Jonathan Allen and his wife. They seemed to pass a very quiet life. Both lived here until death -- Mrs. Allen dying first -- "Uncle" Jonathan lived 2 or 3 years longer. The old gentleman -- wishing to have their last resting place marked -- secured 2 small slab stones

( crude sandstone such as could be found in the woods near where he lived) and took them to the village cemetery -- and placed one on his wife's grave, and the other placed to mark where he was to be buried. (Anyone wishing to find the place can do so by stopping at the big gate -- they are the first 2 graves east of the gate. The two stone slabs hardly reaching above the grass to mark the place.) Their lives seemed to be somewhat obscure, (but for what reason we do not know) -- so are their resting places.

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( I have come to visit your village again this week -- and as I pass along on the good sidewalk, and greet our present townsmen, only now and then do I see one who has lived here over 60 years --- and their heads are growing white, and their faces are taking on the marks of age. I say to them "I see you are over on-the-other-side of life's hill, and are now taking the downward steps. Be careful -- as they are not always as smooth as we would like to have them -- so you must be sure to place them securely.")

As I turn the corner by Mr. Reamer's store, and toward the Park -- who do I see in my mind: "Father" Seeley coming up the hill with "Mother" Seeley -- and it's the quarterly meeting at the church, and that is where they are going. They were always in their place at the meetings at the church on Sabbath mornings. If they were not there, folks knew they were sick. Father Seeley came to Amherst in 1830, and located on the road running south from Milan Street -- just west of the Quigley Quarry. Here he had a fine farm, and lived for a number of years -- until age came upon him and he could not care for the farm, so sold it and went to the village, and lived out the remainder of his days. Their family consisted of 4 sons and 2 daughters. That entire family has crossed the River-of-Life.

E.A. Turney located on this road in 1833, and lived on a farm a number years. Then finally built a house on Milan Street, in which he lived ever since. He has now been a resident of Amherst 60

years.

As we pass along south, up the road who do we meet [in my memory] but "Uncle" Abraham Rice, one of the pioneers of this town. Uncle Rice reared a family of 14 children. He was of Dutch descent -- and always liked and had horses. He passed-away several years before his wife, but finally she bade her children "goodbye", and fell-asleep. (Geo. Rice is still living near the old pioneer home.) The hand of time has nearly covered up Uncle Abraham's work of the early years. Where there were but 4 or 5 settlers on this road by the quarries -- it now looks like a small village.

(Our fathers dreamed of the busy quarries -- but it was only a dream to them. If only they could come back, now -- and look at the places and the mass of workmen there, busy from morning to night.)

Uncle Abraham Rice and Henry Kendeigh came to Amherst about 1822 or '3 --- one of these parties coming thru Pa. (a distance of 300 miles) in 14 days -- driving quite a large, flock of sheep. A man owning sheep at the time, had to guard them day and night -- or the wolves would have them. The bears were quite troublesome, also the wild hogs, (going in large droves -- and when frightened and angry were not very nice to meet with).

If Mr. Michael Jackson and father were alive, they could tell you of the thrilling experience they had with a drove of wild hogs and how they had to take refuge in a tree for the larger part of the night until the hogs left.

As we now come back to the 4-corners where Henry Merthe now [1893] lives --- [in my memory] we find here on top of the hill a small log house built by Nelson or Henry Blair. They lived here a few years, and made a clearing of a few acres on the hill and creek bottom. (This road was not very good for travel, because the hill on both sides was very deep, and impossible to get over, if hauling much of a load.) On the east side of [Little] Beaver Creek, Blair built quite a large house -- and set out a nice orchard where the widow Michael now lives. (A few of these fruit trees yet

remain.)

A little north of the [Blair] house, Mr. Alvah Johnson built a saw mill which was used for many years. A half mile north of this, Mr. Johnson built a log home. His pursuit being that of a farmer and making brick. He afterward built a brick house on his farm. Here he lived many years (and was closely identified with the village and township) and passed away at age of 72.

We now come to a small house on top of what we call "Johnson's hill", and we find here [in my memory] a family by the name of Crans [pronounced "crantz"]. Here this family lived many years, (and brought up a family of 5 girls and 1 boy). This old gent [ Andrew Crans] was quite a hunter -- spending much of his time in pursuit of game. He was also a musician. On a pleasant summer evening, you could hear him play on his violin -- and often the boys and girls of the Four Corners would go over to Crans' home, and have a dance, and keep them up late at night. (The boys in those days called them "Shindigs" or "hoedowns".) The "ball room" was the old log house -- the crude furniture moved, clearing the room -- and a few tallow slips fastened to the logs, to give light to the festive folk. Old "Uncle" Crans -- with violin tuned -- would snap a string 2-or-3 times -- a signal for "All ready" --- and such a time you never saw. (Those days have passed away with the March-of-Time --- and the Old Violin and the rifle that hung over head on the wooden pins, can only be seen in the mind.)

The place where "Uncle" Leman Potter -- who turned the first grind-stone ever made in Amherst -- is of no little importance. He built a dam over across the little stream just over the bank from Mr. Crans -- and here he worked [making grindstones] for 2 or 3 years, then gave up the business as it was not very profitable.

Just east on the bank near Mr. [Isaac] Shupe's house, was a large ashery which was run by Dr. Blackmer for a number of years -- making potash. (This brought 'cash', which was hard to get in those days [of bartered-goods]. ) An incident occurred when raising the framework for this ashery: the falling of a timber which

caught a man and injured his back -- leaving him a cripple for life. His prospects of ever recovering were blasted. The man's name was [John] Rose, and he was a son-in-law of Crans.

( Old Mr. [L.D.] Griswold of [San Diego] California was the Dr. -- who now [1893] is said to be hale and hearty. )

The grindstone factory and ashery have long since passed out of the picture [along] with their owners. (The distance between that day and this is quite long, and yet how quickly it has passed away.)

Now we have met the different parties along their roads. You must not think of good roads, or nice houses and fine fields, nor nice horse-and-buggies -- for you may rest assured they were very different. It was through a thick forest -- in a single foot path. Houses were shut out from each other's view, for long years -- and our horses were the "horned horses" [oxen] -- and our buggies, just two-wheeled carts. Our fathers strove to see which would have the best ox team, and who would have them best trained for the work. If you could have seen them at a logging, they would know what to do -- as well as any man could. ( I think if our fathers had a large field to log-up at the World's Fair -- and could have their good ox teams and hand-spikes, and a linen frock on -- they would make as fine an exhibit of industry as anything they have there. It would be something they have never seen -- and never again would have the opportunity of seeing.)

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Here you find me still sitting on top of "Johnson's hill". After I sat here a few moments I saw [in my memory] old Dr. [B.F.] Blackmer coming with a load of ashes (potash). Just as he reached the top of the hill, his horses became frightened, and the Dr. could not hold them. They ran part way down the hill -- and over the bank. When the horses and sled-load of ashes reached the bottom they had slid down nearly 50 feet. The Doctor held to his team -- and for all such a wild dash, he or his team were not hurt, nor was his sled broken.

After this exciting reminiscence was over, I looked across on

Church St. -- and, behold, I saw [in my memory] "Uncle" Willis Potter -- moved into town and located near his son W. P. Potter. "Uncle" Willis Potter was one of the pioneers of this county -- first locating in Avon in 1816. One day it was necessary for him to go to Cleveland for groceries and other goods -- so he started on horseback thru the dense woods -- reached the [Cuyahoga] river where he was ferried across and there found a small grocery store. He did his shopping, and started home, but night overtook him. When he got to Dover Village he decided to stop at the first house, and stay over night, (because it was not safe to travel in the dark). He rapped at the door of a farmer's home. A voice rung out from within - "Come in." So he asked if he could stay the night and have a place to feed the horse. Permission was given -- so the horse was turned loose in the lot by the house. It being very dark, he could not see what kind of feed the horse would find. On waking in the morning the horse was there, but had had nothing to eat -- as there was nothing but smartweed [stinging-nettles] in the lot. Uncle Willis Potter said his own supper consisted of cornmeal -- wet with water and milk, and baked on a stone on the fire, then broken up into a dish of milk. He said he was thankful for that -- because he was hungry enough to eat a raw dog. He reached home at noon the next day.

From Avon [Twp.], Potter moved to Amherst circa-1830, and located a little north of "Towne's hill". where he lived a good-many years -- and then moved into the village, where he he was a farmer -- and an expert at making helvles [axe-handles] and ox yokes. He brought up his 3 boys, and taught them the art. He was also quite a scientific wrestler at "square hold" -- and was for years the champion of this sport. On election days and holidays it was the custom of the day to have a game of ball, and a wrestling match. He was always the champion. "Uncle" Williis Potter and most of his family of 13 children have passed away. (One son, W.P. Potter, who is near 70 y.o., is still living in our village.)

Next I see Dr. Hall's [current] place where [in my memory] I see Salmon Johnson coming out to the street . He was the father of Alvah Johnson, who built the main part of Dr. Hall's first house, (but it has been remodelled so many times, that very little of the

original house remains). Salmon Johnson and his lady died at an early age. The Johnsons came to Amherst about 1827. "Mother" Johnson was a big help to the sick and always ready with a helping hand.

The next person we see [ in my memory] is "Grandmother" Winton. She lived where Mrs. [widow?]Barney now [1893] lives -- and had 4 sons: Montville, Orlum, Ralson and George -- and 2 daughters: Maryett and Orpha. Grandmother Winton had a hard struggle with pioneer life -- and bore the hardships and troubles with patience.

Judge Harris bult a brick yard across from Dr. Hall (and also bult a large kiln -- where the bricks were 'fired'). From the Railroad south to the Middle Ridge, was a cornfield that belonged to Judge Harris in the early days -- where now stands so many nice homes. [Now] Many hands are busy, merry voices are heard morning-and-evening, and hurried footsteps are heard along the walk. What a contrast from the early days -- when only the mooing of the cattle, the tinkling bell and the bleating of sheep could be heard. For many years there was not a home standing there, were Mr. Walker now lives, or where Tom Wilford lives.

Near the [present] Wilford place is where Mrs. Orlum Winton's father Smith was killed by a falling tree -- which was being dug up by the neighbors. The tree stood in the road. All the men had gone to dinner, except Mr. Smith. The tree fell and crushed him to the ground -- killing him instantly.

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As we leave the [ old site of the] home of "Uncle" Jonathan Allen, we find [in my memory] that it is all woods down to Mr. Earl's home. Here were a few cleared acres -- but no house to be found until we reach the corner where Plato Bros. & Co. store now stands [1893].

Here was a small frame house owned by "Father" Champney as we all called him. He lived here a very many years, and at one time was a hotel keeper. (He acquired the name of "Champney

Old Pie", from some incident relating to his table.) His experiences as a landlord was fraught with success and adversity. (If a landlord is not on the alert, he will have to sell out to his guests.)

Leaving Plato Corners, and crossing to Reamer's Corner, we find [in my memory] a small frame house built by Mr. Perry, who lived in it several years. He was a carpenter and cabinet maker by trade. Also a clarinet player. Many fine evenings we have listened to his fine music. Generally he was accompanied by John Nelson (who lived where Mrs. Pearl now lives). These two men would sit and play with us crowds to cheer them -- with nothing but the woods that surrounded our Four Corners to cheer and send back their echoing sounds.

We continue our visit on Elyria St. [Park Ave.], and the next we see of interest is the [present] home occupied by Daniel Freeze. Here [formerly] stood a frame building which was the home of Starkweather ( a son-in-law of Ephraim Towne). His home was burned down about 54 years ago [circa-1839], and another built in the same place.

Just across the street was a one-story house built by Judge Harris. This was occupied by different parties for many years -- but finally it had to give way to better structures.

( Our fathers prophesied that businesses would eventually expand up Elyria St. [Park Ave.] -- and they expressed themselves that the street would not be wide enough. And so it proved true.)

On the corner where Wesbecher and Co. Hardware store now stands, was a frame building built by Wm. Walker -- who used part of it for a store. Here he did business for a number of years. His wife's parents, by the name of Swan, lived with him. Walker was very successful -- until he speculated in unlawful speculation -- then he got in deeper and deeper, and dragged in a large number of our fathers -- causing them much trouble and hard work to free themselves and save their homes.

It was in the Walker home where I saw the first old-fashioned tin bake oven, that our mothers used instead of the "bake kettle" or

"Dutch Oven" - as they once called it. (If some of these tin ovens were placed in our hardware stores today, folks would ask, "What new invention is this?")

While Mr Walker lived on this corner, a very laughable thing happened.

Mr. Walker had Reamer's [current lot?] -- which made a fine garden lot. A neighbor who lived where the Holzhauer store now stands, had some chickens -- which as fast as the garden was planted, would scratch out the seed. Father Swan remonstrated with his neighbor but to no effort and finally Swan's patience was exhausted. Walker had a clerk in his store by the name of MacFarland who said to this neighbor, "If your chickens come over again I will shoot them." The next morning, the chickens were there eating the seed -- so MacFarland (the clerk) shot two or three of them. He carried them to their owner, and said, "I have shot some of your fowl in our garden -- here they are." The owner of the chickens took them and threw them into Walker's store. MacFarland again threw them out -- and they were thrown back.

( In later years, the Walker store and house was completely destroyed by fire when it was being used by E.R. Huene who occupied it -- using it as a dry- goods store.)

While I am standing on the corner of the Wesbecher Hardware store, my attention is called to the s.w. corner of the Park -- and who should I see [in my memory] but our tailor Embee [Empee?], living then, in a place called [1893] Arndt's house and lot --- Embee using part of the house as a tailor shop. He was the most fashionable tailor our town ever had. In appearance he was a "Dude" and a very fine working man.

As we leave his shop, we first meet [in my memory] landlord Isaac Whelpley, keeping hotel where Mr. Crocker now lives [v.lot #5]. (The word "Traveler" was visible for years, on the north end of Crocker's present home.) Mr. Whelpley was not very successful as Hotel keeper.

The next place we visit is that of Mr. Kline's, that has also been remodeled so that little of its original shape remains. At one time "The Good Templars" had their lodge room in it. Mr. Luther Rood

kept a dry-goods store there; Orlum Winton had a store there; Shadrach Moore kept a grocery there; H. Houghton kept a grocery there. Mr. Kline occupied it as the last grocer.

The next place of interest is now owned by Thomas Collier. The first owner was Dr. Luman Tenny, who came in 1833, and opened his office as a physician. He was a genial man, and soon had a host of friends. He was also successful in his practice -- and it was not long before his work became so great, he would be home just long enough to change horses. ( He did all of his visiting of the sick on horseback -- because there were no buggies here at that time -- and even if there had been, they could not have been used -- as there were no roads -- only trails that winded their way thru the woods. Many times, one even had to forde streams. )

I have known times when Dr. Tenny would start for Black River -- and would have to visit every house, there was so much fever and ague.

An incident: There was a German near the Lake Shore ( who had moved into Brownhelm [Twp.] near the Lake Shore) and he came for Dr. Tenny. The German was frightened and broken-hearted; and he said [ as best that he could in 'English']: "Doctor -- you come my house, quick as you can. My fraw [frau = wife] gone dode -- most all gone dode -- and one is kronk, and I think he go dode -- and maybe I go dode too."

Dr. Tenny often rode east into Avon, and as far west as Huron, Florence, Birmingham; [and also] Camden and Russia. Those days, our fathers suffered from malarial diseases -- there being hardly enough well ones to take care of the sick.  
(Most of the doctors' work has been lost sight of.)

The bell on Dr. Tenny's door, gave him the nick-name "Ring-a-Ding". Truly it can be said that he gave his life to the pioneers: for after a brief period of 11 years in his office, he died. The work was too great for him. The last call Dr. Tenny made was in Clarksfield (south of Birmingham), in December, to see a sick woman. It was very cold and bleak for a man to ride so far, but he said it was an urgent case, so he went. Mr. G.W. Quigley was studying with Dr. Tenny -- and as Quigley had the care of the office and the calls, he tried to persuade the doctor not to go to Clarksfield, but to wait until next morning. Dr. Tenny said that the morning might be too

late to do the sick any good -- so he went. When Dr. Tenny arrived in Clarksfield, the lady had died. When he arrived back home, Mr. Quigley met him at the door -- and Dr. Tenny said "I am a sick man". He had taken cold, and pneumonia set in. He lived only a few days. His work was done. The whole county was in mourning.

Dr. Tenny had just taken Dr. A.A. Crosse as a partner to help him. So, Dr. Crosse was left in the field to practice (which he did until his death).

Dr. Luman Tenny married the oldest daughter of Josiah Harris --- she died [1893] last week at age of 84 -- she was in very feeble health for a year before her death. Their family consisted of 2 girls and 2 sons.

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Now we stop at the hotel, and see what kind of visit we can have with the [former] landlords who kept hotel in Amherst.

Josiah Harris kept the first hotel -- and -- with only 2 or 3 exceptions, our [village] hotel has always remained where it now stands.

There must have been 20 or 30 men who have tried their hand at keeping hotel in Amherst. We can give a partial list.

#### HOTEL [ "tavern" / inn ] KEEPERS

Judge Harris, Dr. Sam Strong, Leonard Foster, Father ("Old Pie") Champion, J.B. Whelpley, Josiah Hamlin, Smith Crandal, H.F. Hubbard, John Steele, Samuel Kendeigh, James Jackson, Lathrop and Walker, Wm R. Ringland, L.P. Harris, Thomas Case, Thomas Brown, Ira B. Tillotson, James Allen, Franklin Blackmer, Orimel Barney, Smith Steele, H. Steel, Joseph Frost, Joseph Robbins and R.S. Wolcott.

All of those men (with one[?] exception) have kept hotel on the site of the present hotel -- and out of the above mentioned, only 6 or 7 are still living in 1893. One lives in Wisconsin --- two (the Steeles) live in California --- 3 in Amherst --- but the others have been lost track of.

The original hotel was burned down a few years ago -- and another stands in its place, on the same site.

(At an early day, if a stranger came to the hotel -- all were anxious to know who they were, and what they were here for.)

The first entertainment that came to our village was when Ringland kept the hotel. The guests had for entertainment there, a Puppet Show. He [the puppeteer] could dance those little dolls in grand style -- representing two little girls lost in the woods -- these little ones became tired and layed down to rest and went to sleep -- then along came two little birds who covered them up. This was something new and novel and the people liked it. The man had his show in the ballroom of the hotel, and it was crowded. After this, men came and gave lectures -- or some ventriloquist would make an appearance.

Mr. Tillotson was hotel keeper about 1837 or '38. [An incident:] He must have been making cherry wine -- and emptied the cherries out on the ground. Capt. Sholes, who lived on that corner, had a flock of turkeys -- who wandered over on the hotel grounds -- they found and gobbled up the cherries and become intoxicated -- staggered and flopped around.

[Later inn-keeper] Orimel Barney said he was told to prepare for 50 to 70 couples, for the Thanksgiving ball, and arrangements had been made. Orimel Barney's wife knew how to prepare for such a company.

(Orimel Barney died a few years ago, at 83 years old. He was station-agent for 21 years -- and at one time in the early days, he was in the dry-goods business. Orimel Barney left a widow, and 2 daughters and 3 sons.

"Mother" Barney is still living [1893], and has always been a resident of North Amherst. When her parents moved to Ohio -- after being one day's journey on the road, a daughter was born to keep them company all the way --- Mrs. Barney was that girl -- and she says that although she was not born in any town, but she came and lived here ever since.)

[Also included with that item was information about Orimel Barney's parents (and etc.) -- almost all of which, about them, was merely re-stated from the Williams Brothers 1879 'History'.]

One more drunken scene -- supposed to have happened at the time either Ringland, or Smith Crandal, ran the hotel. One of these men had hard-cider in barrels beside the hotel -- and one had been tapped so as to be drawn when needed. At that time it was the custom to let the hogs run wild in the village. The hogs found the cider barrels -- and by rooting around, they loosened the faucet, and let the cider out. Result: a drunken mess of swine. They slept it off -- but then went right on drinking.

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In the last week's letter, I left you at the hotel with the cider and the swine. And as the hotel porch is a good place to rest, we will stop and look around.

[In my memory] I see Capt. Sholes coming over here. Well, there is another hotel scene that created quite a laugh. The Capt. has quite a nice patch of melons -- and someone had gone in and stolen them all. The footprints matched with those of Daniel Axtel -- so the Capt. accused Axtel with stealing his melons. Axtel stoutly denied this. "Well", said Capt. Sholes, "Come see for yourself". They went to the patch -- and sure enough, there were his shoe tracks -- but Axtel still said "Captain I am not guilty". After a while, Axtel got to the bottom of the melon mystery. There were quite a number of young men boarding at the hotel -- and they put up this joke on him. After Axtel had gone to bed one night, they went to his room -- got his shoes -- wore them to get the melons -- then returning them. Thus the boys were up to playing tricks on one another.

I found the hotel a pleasant place to stop and rest -- and while I sit here to rest --- go with me, reader -- northward to the Lake Shore. The first home we notice, is the place now [1893] owned by Mr. Brandau -- but a part of this house was built by Mr. Whitcomb. The Whitcomb family consisted of 5 boys and 2 girls ( all of whom have died but 1 boy and 1 girl). Here in his home, Mr. Whitcomb carried on a shoe business.

The next home is now owned by Mrs. John Frederick. This place ['lot'] has been occupied by a number of parties. "Uncle" John

Steele had a tannery on the side of the hill at a very early day, but he gave that up. Major Smith had a gun shop in a building on the side hill. The building was afterwards used by "Uncle" Leman Potter, for manufacturing and turning wooden bowls. (The local boys, wishing to bother him one day, went in and reversed his lathe belt so the belt would turn from him. He did not discover the trick for some time -- and he would sharpen and resharpen his chisel and try again -- finally discovering the trick -- and broke out, "Those pesky boys have been at work again".) This same building was later used by James Gawn as a blacksmith. Afterward, Gawn moved to the [present] site of H.J. Claus' shop and store -- here he worked for years, then moved on a farm on the Ridge, and worked at his trade of blacksmith in connection with farming - until his death.

There was living on the John Frederick place, at an early day, a man by the name of Ira Merriman, the father of Stanton Merriman. Merriman married the daughter of Ebenezer Swartwood. (The whole family of Merrimans are dead at this time [1893].)

Leaving the home of Mr. Frederick -- we go north, to the home of Mr. Fullmer and Appeman. Here was a small clearing on the side of the road, with 2 small log houses - one owned by Whitcomb and the other owned by three brothers by the name of Button[?]. They were English by birth -- and moved away an early day.

We will go farther north, now, opposite [northeast of] Shupe's Mill -- and here see a German building -- a small log house -- in 1834 or '35. This man was George Dute. He had a hard struggle for life, a long time. Old Mrs. Dute had a long illness -- and the doctors gave her so much calomel that her face was badly eaten and disfigured. All her teeth came out.

Finally they both lived to a good ripe age -- leaving one son, who is now living in the village (having recently moved away -- then returning): Casper Dute, who now is age 65.

The next home [ within "Black River Township"] is now owned by Mr. Hildebrandt. Here was a clearing and a small log house, as early as 1831 or '32.

Here also was the pioneer-crossing of Beaver Creek [ at the 'forks' ].

Near the bank on the other side of the creek bottom, was a large elm tree, which was called the "Post Office Tree". After leaving Lorain [ 'Black River' village ], the mailman would take all the mail for the persons living in that section -- and deposit it in the body of the tree -- and everybody [in this neighborhood] was "Postmaster", here. [ Meaning, that this specific mail was distributed by whichever resident happened to be passing that site whenever the mail had been deposited there.]

On the north bank of this stream (Beaver Creek), Johnson Ray and Joseph Ray [or 'Rea'] and their father and mother, settled. Old Mr. Ray did not live long -- but Mrs. Ray, it is said, lived to be 108 yrs old. They were Irish by birth.

About a half-mile farther north, was a small clearing -- and a small log house which seemed to be for the accommodation of transient pioneers (who would come and stay awhile, then leave -- move on).

[ 2018 note: that log-house may have been built by Jacob Shupe for his original home here in 1810, and later (circa-1815) used by the Reuben Webb family (and etc.); more research is needed. See also the e-booklet "**AMHERST, OHIO; ITS EARLY HISTORY: Truth and Myth**" (2018). ]

Now we will visit the Lake Shore [east of the 'mouth' of Beaver Creek]. Here we find [in my memory] a man who came quite early -- by the name of Ralph Lyon -- a carpenter [?, or brick-mason?], who built the brick house that Mr. Kolbe tore down a few years ago ( and put in its place a wooden building and a model farm-house).

The next place is called the Slater house. Mr. [Robert] Slater [ or "Sleator"] died at a very early age -- leaving one[?] daughter and two[?] sons, (of whom only 1 son[Earl?] is living [1893], and he is nearly 70 yrs old now). [ 2018 note: Robert Slater/Sleator, was a carpenter, and is said to have built the earliest frame-homes in the vicinity of the "Beaver Creek settlement". (His wife was Jane Martin, dau. of William Martin.)]

Now we pass down the shore aways -- and we find the Gillmores, and the Barneys[\*] -- of the Barneys, they are all gone to their last home -- and of the Gillmores, only one remains, and that is

Alanson Gillmore of Lorain -- he is now 90 yrs old (1893) and in very poor health. [\*-2018 note: Joseph Barney came from Ellisburgh NY, circa-1823, and purchased lakeshore 'lot 19' from Joseph Quigley (although Quigley had not yet finished purchasing it from Ebenezer Sheldon, which resulted in a lawsuit of Quigley by Mr. Barney).]

At that time in our history [pre-1830], Black River [Twp.] and Amherst [Twp.] were known as one township [judicial-district] ( so you see, we could visit them as though they were our neighbors).

Lorain [ 'Black River' Village ] took a "balloon ascension" in 1837 -- but, when that crash came [ in that same year], Lorain's growth was stopt -- and the town remained a small hamlet for years.

Finally the C.L.&W. [Railroad] located there --- and now [1893] it is a thriving town of 5-or-6-thousand, with good prospects for the future.

Now, [ before] I leave [the history of] Black River [Twp.] and return to Amherst [Twp.] -- I must speak of one of the pioneers of Lorain [...John S. Reid]. [ abridged/redacted -- Here, the 1893 author re-tells an anecdote about (Black River Village's tavern-owner), John S. Reid, attempting to charge overnight-guest Dr. McIntire for whiskey which McIntire had not partaken. But, why this anecdote was continually repeated as an "historic" event, is inexplicable -- because, in truth, it was common-practice for tavern-owners to include that extra cost onto their overnight-guests' bill ( because most guests indeed partook of it --- but in this instance, Dr. McIntire allegedly did not -- and therefore Reid simply deducted it from the Dr.'s bill). There was certainly nothing "history worthy" about it --- no matter how much embellishment some of the "historians" later added to it. ]

Conrad Reid [ son of John S. Reid] was a landlord for many long years. He was also a [brief] citizen of Amherst, in an early day [circa-1836] -- then returned to Lorain, where he spent his last years --- well-known as a hotel man, respected by the traveling public.